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[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

RIBBLESDALE.

IT may be difficult for the untravelled denizen of Manchester who has never been in Craven, to transplant himself in thought to the doorway of the Hill Inn, in Chapeldale. If, however, our reader has perused the papers which from time to time have been published in this journal, descriptive of the localities surrounding Ingleborough, he will know that the proper way to get there bodily is by rail to Clapham, and thence by foot either over the hill or along the banks of the upper part of the Greta. The Mancunian who knows the inn will doubtless remember it as a quiet and comfortable resting-place, where he received a homely welcome and homely fare, and in the vicinity of which, if the weather was fine, he spent some pleasant holidays.

It was early one summer afternoon in the present year when we bade farewell to the rosy-cheeked waitress at this roadside public-house, and directed our steps towards Ribblesdale. The lane along which we passed was a perfect specimen of a wild Yorkshire road. It was a long white track running between bare stone walls, now crossing little hills, and again sinking into small valleys. Immediately over the wall, on each side, were bleak fells stretching away on the right to the dark sides of Ingleborough, and on the left to the distant but lofty summit of Whernside. One or two solitary farm-houses, standing far away under the shadow of the latter mountain, seemed rather to remind us of human life than to interfere with the solitude of the scene. After passing along several of the depressions and elevations of the road, we encountered a figure whose clerical habiliments indicated his connection with the little chapel and hamlet lower down the dale. Without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, this gentleman expressed his kindliness by pausing for awhile to chat with us about the beauty of the day. Quiet and uneventful must the life of such a man be in such a place, marked only by an occasional wedding, christening, or burial, but not without a full measure of happiness if his heart be rightly tuned; fixed

> in a still retreat,
> Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
> Secluded, but not buried.

A walk of a mile or two brought us to the head of Ribblesdale. A cluster of huts stood at the junction of the two dales. These huts were for the occupation of the men at work upon the continuation of the Midland Railway line, which is being carried along Ribblesdale to Scotland. The wild and desolate appearance of the surrounding scenery made the wooden village suggestive of a settlers' encampment in the unreclaimed wilds of America. In the main street we observed that the dram-shop was already represented in force. We knew that another equally deadly foe had also presented itself when we saw on the doors and walls, reminding us of the plague-mark used during the Great Plague of London, placards headed with the awful word "Small-pox." One or two new-made coffins were brought from the joiners' shops as we passed, and all along Ribblesdale we encountered at intervals the warning words. Secure, however, in a recent scatheless experience of the disease—thanks to vaccination—we passed on through the settlement; and mentally wishing, in the spirit of Ruskin, that railways and navvies would "cut their rambles a little shorter," we hastened to get clear of the huts, and then paused on a stone wall to observe the scene. Away in the corner on our left the hills seemed to mingle, presenting a barrier of treeless moorland, and a maze of ravines. Nearer we could see the road winding along past Gearstones and across Cam Fell—stretching before us on the other side the valley—to Hawes and Wensleydale. At some distance along this road, and beneath Cam Fell, is the source of the Ribble, and not far from it is the source of the Wharfe. The beginning of the Ribble is called Gale Beck. On its way down past Gearstones it collects the produce of several small streams which rise amid the lower hills surrounding Whernside. At the place where we rested it looked like a narrow streak of silver stretching along the bottom, and here and there hid by the lower slopes of the dale. Looking forward, we saw on one side another huge arm of Ingleborough jutting out in a series of step-like ridges outlined against the sky, and on the other the apparently inaccessible head of Penyghent, overlooking a wide expanse of coarse pasture-land.

A walk of two miles along a road high above the level of the Ribble, which glided below, brought us to Selside, a small cluster of ruinous-looking houses. From this point rises a mountain pass leading to Clapdale and Clapham, which village is distant about five miles. A walk of half a mile from Selside, up this pass, brings the traveller to the largest chasm in the side of Ingleborough. It is called Alum Pot, and is about sixty yards long, and in places about twenty wide. The depth is immense.

Leaving Selside without pausing to examine the large number of interesting caves and chasms in the neighbourhood, we continued our walk along the dale towards Settle, yet nine miles away. The character of the scenery remained unchanged until we reached the ancient village of Horton. Whittaker opines that the real name is Horetown, and that it "is so called from being grey with sleet when the lower grounds are unsprinkled." The church is dedicated to St. Oswald, and is said to have been built about the time of the first Henry, though no certain knowledge on the subject can be obtained. The tower is attributed, like the majority of the Craven towers, to the reign of the eighth Henry. The attention of the traveller is attracted at some distance by the singular appearance of the roof. On nearing it he discovers that it is formed of plates of lead, the bent condition of which increases the quaint appearance of the building. The village has a prettily old-fashioned look, and the post-office stands in the church-yard, which is entered by means of two lych-gates. Beyond Horton the scenery becomes more varied. Being immediately in front of Penyghent we obtained a good view of its imposing summit. By this time we had crossed the Ribble, which now hurried along on our right; it had grown into a wide stream, leaping over huge masses of rock. Ascending a steep hill, over which the road wound, we looked down a craggy and wooded bank into a ravine, from which came the roar of the river, awe-inspiring and yet musical. The ground was more fertile-looking and was now studded with trees and houses and villages. Still, however, on all sides rose a boundary line of bleak fells dividing Ribblesdale from other dales. Passing through Stainforth, a well-to-do looking village with good houses, in the neighbourhood of which are some fine falls, or "fosses," as the dalesmen term them, we passed a line of bold limestone cliffs rising perpendicularly on our left. These cliffs "dip," as most of the cliffs in the neighbourhood appear to do, to the north-east, and present one or two examples of that undulated appearance which is said to be the result of compression. The village of Langcliffe, which has evidently taken its name from these scars, next appeared in sight, and shortly afterwards passing over the bridge at Giggleswick we took our leave of the Ribble. The upper and lower ends of the dale present a striking contrast of desolation and picturesque beauty.

Giggleswick, or Gukelleswicke, is famous for its grammar-school, founded by Edward the Sixth, in the seventh year of his reign. Nowell, who was the vicar of Giggleswick from 1548 to his death in 1556, appears to have been much attached to the place, and used his influence as chaplain to the young monarch to induce the latter to endow the school. It is celebrated as having been for fifty-four years under the care of the Rev. William Paley, B.A., the father of the renowned Dr. Paley. William Paley and his wife were buried at Giggleswick, and the author of *The Evidences of Christianity* received the greater portion of his education there. The road from here back to Clapham is extremely fine. For the greater part of the way it lies immediately at the foot of a noble range of cliffs, known as Giggleswick Scars, at the back of which we pass in coming along Ribblesdale. At the foot of these scars is the ebbing and flowing well spoken of by Drayton, who wrote in the time of James the First, in his *Polyolbion*. We rested on its brink, and saw the water rise and fall four or five inches in the trough which receives it several times in the course of ten minutes. The old rhymer's account of the origin of the stream is poetic. He

records how a nymph was pursued by a satyr. When at last, panting and exhausted, she fell to the ground at this place, she besought the gods to deliver her from her pursuer, and they considerately changed her to the spring which has ever since heaved and sank as did her stainless bosom. Modern science has striven to find a more practical explanation, and two theories have been put forth. One imagines a piece of mechanism, consisting of a stone turning on a pivot, which bars the passage of the water somewhere in the interior of the hill until a sufficient quantity has accumulated to force the impediment round on its axis. The other theory explains the phenomenon on the principle of the double syphon. A walk of four miles from the well brought us again to Clapham.

MANCHESTER HOTELS.

THE SCEPTRE INN.

SOME time since, on our giving a sketch of the Crosier Hotel, we were amused to learn that some individuals, not remarkable for their perspicacity, went in search of that ecclesiastical, legal, and commercial establishment. Not being able to find the object of their search, the pilgrims called at the Mitre, and having there made inquiries of the priestessess of that shrine, they were made acquainted with the whereabouts of the Mecca to which they were bound. Now, on reading the title of this sketch, probably our readers will be puzzled, like the gentlemen who went in search of the Crosier, to find out the situation of the Sceptre. Why not call a spade a spade at once? Somehow, it humours us not to do so. As the Bastard says in *King John*, "And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter," and as the same Plantagenet observes further on,

> For he is but a bastard to the time,
> That doth not smack of observation.

So we have no doubt that our readers will be able to identify the locality of the Sceptre, without being obliged to call at the Crown Inn for the necessary information.

Situated upon a promontory, in a central situation, and in the very heart of the great commercial emporium of the city, the Sceptre has what showmen call a good "pitch," and stands unrivalled and alone. While the whole neighbourhood around it has been rebuilt within the last thirty years, this ancient hostelry remains unchangeable as the Pyramids. Other hotels have expanded and inflated themselves like the frog in the fable, but the Sceptre Inn is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. A commercial tavern it was, a commercial tavern it is, and a commercial tavern it ever shall be, so long as home-trade warehouses, print warehouses, shipping houses, and sellers of grey calicoes endure. These are the days of the extension of clubs. Everywhere are rising up club-houses—clubs palatial, political, social, commercial, artistic, forensic, gymnastic; billiard clubs, chess clubs, masonic clubs, working men's clubs, and women's clubs. Nevertheless, in spite of all this competition, the old British institution, the tavern, remains, and will remain, a convenience, a luxury, and a necessity. Clubs are all very well; convenient, pleasant, and agreeable to the sybarite, the bachelor, and the benedick. Scapegoats are they to henpecked Job Caudles and incorrigible old sinners. As King Phanor candidly confesses, in the *Palace of Truth*, "I often have declared that I've been there, when really I have been elsewhere." But with all their conveniences, clubs are not exactly the elysiums which some people fancy they are. They are stiff, pompous, and frigid, and by no means private. It seems paradoxical, but it is a fact, that if you seek privacy from the heat, dust, and bustle of the streets, you are more likely to find it in a public-house than in your club. In stress of weather a secluded tavern is the safest port.

"What the dickens are *you* doing here?" said we to Bigwig, whom we met the other day in one of these out-of-the-way places. "What the dickens are you doing here?" Bigwig, who is quite a swell in his way, and may possibly be a Judge one of these days, replied, "Well, the fact is, my dear fellow, I wished to avoid the club, as Buttonholder is such an infernal bore and Quidnunc talks so loud; so I came here to smoke a cigar and recuperate in peace." There is no place where you are at once so independent and so private as at an inn. You pay your money and you take your choice. There are no cliques, stewards, and committee men to harass you; no petty domestic annoyances to worry you; nobody to bully you, and nobody for you to bully; a shade in the vast wilderness where you can commune and be still for a short period.

> I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
> I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
> Freedom I love, and form I hate,
> And choose my lodgings at an Inn.
>
> Here, Waiter! take my sordid ore,
> Which lackeys else might hope to win;
> It buys what courts have not in store,
> It buys me freedom at an Inn.
>
> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an Inn.

This was the opinion of William Shenstone, Esquire, of Leasowes, in the county of Salop, ever so many years ago, and we don't think that elegant poet was far wrong. Of course this is not the point of view from which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the T-totallers regard inns and public-houses, but then it is just possible that these gentry may be prejudiced. Public-houses are liable to be abused, and are abused. So are churches, and entering a tavern no more means intoxication than going to church means religion.

The Sceptre Inn has many characteristics peculiar to itself. It is old-fashioned, and, as we have said, its customs change not. Neither do its servants—at least very rarely—and if you take a trip to Australia or India, and come back in ten or twenty years, with or without a fortune, you will find very little difference at the Sceptre Inn. Mine host, who, we regret to say, has not been so well lately, has probably become somewhat more portly. Mine hostess may have a few more olive branches about her apron strings. Old Gulielmus may have become somewhat balder, Carlotta and Mariana may have become a trifle plumper, somewhat rounder about the waist and crow's-feety about the eyes, but these are about all the changes that you are likely to discover after a lengthened absence. The Sceptre has long been notorious for the good quality of the cheer which it provides; likewise for the good measure which it meteth out. Once a famous coursing house, and its proprietor a mighty hunter, like Tom Moore's shattered vase, "the scent of the roses clings to it still." Does not a portrait of the famous white greyhound Sandy adorn its walls, a dog of note, before Camaradzo, Lobelia, and Master M'Grath had been even dreamt of? But if once famous for coursing and the annals of Lytham and Waterloo, the Sceptre has been, and still is, notorious for Welsh rabbit hunting. When one thinks of the number of cheeses which must have been devoured in the consumption of these dainties, and the consequent nightmares, the imagination is appalled. The Sceptre calls up reminiscences of the late Mr. Pitt, dancing-master, and of Jim Browne, comedian, portraits of whom hang on the walls of the "snug." On one of Jim Browne's last appearances on the Manchester stage he performed Goldfinch in the *Road to Ruin* to an uproarious house, crammed to the ceiling, and with immense zest, dash, and spirit. Within a few minutes after having appeared before the curtain, he almost tottered into the Sceptre Inn, done up, feeble, and utterly exhausted. We suppose that nobody, not even Sir Wilfrid Lawson, would grudge the veteran, who had been gladdening the hearts of hundreds in a glittering theatre, his draught of stout, or his glass of brandy-and-water, and crust of bread and cheese.

Like the descent to a certain place, the road to which is paved with good intentions, ingress and egress to and from the Sceptre are easy. You may go in by the front door and go out by the back, or you may reverse the process and go out at the front portal, like the ghost of Hamlet's father in the closet scene. Inside there is a bar, as in most inns, only it is not intended for the accommodation of customers, who have four rooms at their disposal on the ground floor, and a couple of rooms upstairs for those who are desirous of more privacy. In the small snuggery to which we have already referred, no smoking is allowed up to a certain hour. Besides the portraits of the professor of dancing and the comedian before-mentioned, there are upon the walls engravings of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Squire Thornhill, conspicuous in a capacious white waistcoat. By Squire Thornhill, we do not mean him of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, nor yet his uncle, our old friend Burchell, who courted the lovely Sophia, but the proprietor of the establishment. Landlords of the Sceptre have invariably prospered as they deserve to do, and Squire Thornhill has lately built

unto himself a country house, nearly as large as Mr. Sam Pendle's at Whalley Range. The Sceptre Inn is an early house. If there are no customers in between eleven and twelve p.m., they shut the place up without more ado, and on Sundays the doors are closed at three o'clock p.m., and are not re-opened at all until Monday morning. Being an old-fashioned place, scurry and haste would be out of character; consequently the attendance is leisurely and slow. If you think you will get attended to more quickly by kicking up a row, you will find you are mistaken. You may fume and fret and tug at the old bell ropes until you are black in the face without producing the slightest impression. After you have nearly burst with suppressed rage, the door will open, and a still small voice will inquire, "If you please, did anybody ring?" This is a poser, and instead of indulging in a fine strain of invective, you draw in your horns, and roar as gently as any sucking dove.

In some smoke-rooms which we have seen, access to the place is difficult, as the doorway is always blocked up by precocious youths and faded swells carrying on flirtations with blithe and skipsome barmaids. There are no such obstacles at the Sceptre. The smoke-room, or what passes for such—for smoking does not seem to be confined exclusively to it—is an oblong apartment, containing the portrait of the aforesaid dog, one or two prints of old Market Street, and a stag's head with large antlers over the chimney-piece. Dinners are provided daily in adjoining rooms, and upstairs there is an ordinary. The Sceptre Inn has not yet adopted that modern abomination of Manchester hotels, a large restaurant, where people eat like barbarians amid a deafening clamour, and where distracted and perspiring waiters run about in a steamy atmosphere of cookery. Attached to the inn are vaults, which, however, are not surrounded by the ginny squalor which is usually associated with such places. There the tired wayfarer can slake his thirst, or have his "two penn'orth," without the risk of being poisoned. In the course of time we suppose the Sceptre will pass away, like the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, and leave not a wrack behind. When that day arrives there will be commotion in the Shades below, among the souls of departed greyhounds, print-sellers, and grey cloth commission agents. On that occasion, Jim Browne will re-appear for one night only as Nicodemus in *The Spectre Bridegroom*.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

IF I had not been anticipated by a great author in the assignment to a particular individual of the noblest work of the Creator, I should have given the Schoolmaster the position which is now, and has been for so long a time, occupied by the "honest man." Perhaps, without disturbing the arrangement of the great author, the Schoolmaster, when he is an honest man—and he ought always to be so—may still occupy the niche which has been so universally accorded to the latter. Of course this process, if adopted, would let in many gentlemen of other trades and professions, and render this dignified position rather cheap. Still, as the world goes, perhaps it would not be too much to affirm that there is little danger of the honest-man market being overdone with the raw material. All I want to impress upon the reader is this—that in proportion as the Schoolmaster is exalted the debasement of the people will be postponed. The wise German folk exhibit their wisdom in no greater degree than in the veneration they manifest for the Schoolmaster. Well has it been said that the brilliant campaigns of the grizzled old Kaiser, who with his conquering cohorts marched the other day under the linden trees, were primarily the work of those unobtrusive and patient men who, with such thoroughness of endeavour and by such slow but sure accretions, made the German youth acquainted with so many branches of useful knowledge, not seeking to perfect a paragon here and there, but rather to distribute with impartial completeness the good seed over the entire terrain before them.

I cannot hope in this paper, or in many such, to do full justice to this topic. I feel, and have long felt, that in England we are scarcely alive to the full significance of this paramount profession. I say paramount with a lively recollection that the claims of the minister of the Gospel will be held to be superior to those of the Schoolmaster; and if I dispute those claims, I do so advisedly. It may be that the latter is not worthy to unloose the latchet of the shoes of the clergyman; but the shoes of the clergyman would mostly be little worth standing in if the Schoolmaster had not been his Baptist, and gone before him. Take your own case, O! Paterfamilias, and estimate the twin crafts by your own anxieties in respect of them. In respect of the parson your mind is at ease. The shortcomings of his reverence you can supplement yourself, or you can change the tap without much difficulty. Of the latter, big John and little John partake indifferently. You can taste and try in company with the tender youngster who nods at your side in chapel or in church. In all probability little John imbibes very little of the brew, whether it be bitter or sweet, good or bad. For him the appreciative day has not arrived. When it has arrived, both you and his reverence may neither of you be indispensable. But how about the Schoolmaster? If you be a thoughtful man, with a wise and not a foolish love for your little son, with what restless apprehensiveness you will seek out a preceptor for him, and with what jealousy you will make over the boy to the man who may do so much either to mar or to make him! Gauging the status of the Schoolmaster by the anxieties of good fathers and mothers in regard to him, I think I am not wrong in calling his profession paramount. The man who, from his school rostrum, can look into the fresh faces and clear bright eyes of thirty or forty boys, of ten to seventeen years of age, conscious that he can educate as well as instruct them, and meaning by God's help to do so—who can bear to have focused upon himself all the subtle judgment of character, the almost instinctive perception of character, proper to boys of those ages when acting in concert—who can feel that in all essentials he is never small or mean in his dealings with them—that he never says one thing at the school desk and another in the letter home to parents—who can be firm without being harsh, friendly without being too familiar—who has the faculty of demonstrating to his boys the bearing of a difficult task upon the practical issues of life, instead of leaving them to consider the majority of their tasks as so many wooden blocks which can never by any possibility be clothed, and upon which nothing at all can ever hang—such a man, I profess, should be by all true men regarded as almost a priceless treasure in every free community.

The languid pulses of my system were stirred the other day when I read in the papers that our dear boys at the Grammar School had been receiving their prizes at the hands of Sir Joseph Heron; and all I can say is that I envied Sir Joseph the gratifying duty which he had to discharge. Not that I mean for a single instant that I could have discharged it. Heaven forbid! As far as my own comfort is concerned I would rather talk to the Wesleyan Conference than to a school full of eager lads, brimful of spirits, with a holiday dangling, like bunches of grapes, before their eyes, and with their keen wits made keener by that very fact. Dip a vapid orator into a bath of that sort, and behold how thin he comes out again. Nevertheless, if one durst have essayed the task, and could have got one's wits touched with the right tuning-fork just for ten minutes, would it not have been jolly to have joined with the Grammar School boys in their festival, and have led them along with you in a little speech? Any how, I should have considered it a great honour to have stood by the side of *the* Schoolmaster on that occasion, and, as a citizen of Manchester, to have testified by my presence my unfeigned admiration for his craft, and my great regard for himself. Men and brethren, let us all of us

think what the Schoolmaster means. Let us remember what he has to do. If now and again we fancy him wanting, let us distrust our judgment—always bearing in mind that if he be a good Schoolmaster he will be a wise one—one above gerunds and participles—and that, being a wise one, he will be in all probability all the wiser just when we are disposed to challenge his conclusions.

A great Schoolmaster—one who formerly birched ingenuous youth in Scotland (for which process the costume of the country offered him tempting facilities), and who has since then, for thirty years or more, been a Schoolmaster on a larger scale, and spatulated the social foundations of Great Britain and Ireland constantly—has given it as his opinion that the functions of the Schoolmaster are not primary at all, as I believe them to be. In the *Latter Day Pamphlets* we read: "But the Schoolmaster is secondary—an effect rather than a cause in this matter. What the Schoolmaster with his Universities shall manage or attempt to teach will be ruled by what society with its practical industries is continually demanding that men should learn." Well, then, if this be true, I am sorry for all head masters the world over. If, as the same great Scotchman says, the world is peopled by so many millions of beings who are "mostly fools," the suggestions and demands which go up therefrom to the Schoolmasters will be very interesting indeed, and ought very soon to cause the brains of our head masters to ferment like wort in a brewer's vat.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PRESS, THE WEST-ENDERS, AND THE QUEEN.

NOW that Colonel Bartelott, the *Times*, and the *Manchester Examiner* (the latter only a recent convert to West-endism) have had their fling at Her Majesty, we hope the Sovereign may be let alone by the newspapers for some time at least. The Court milliners and the West-end tradesmen have now been appeased; the patched-up and bewigged old dowagers have chundered and chumped at the topic over their kettle-drums; the silly little men who feel delight in talking about the Queen's conduct, as if they had a personal grievance in the comparative retirement of their Sovereign—oh, what little snobs have hiccupped and squeaked their final protest. Such is the influence of the Press. It speaks, and all the little woolly dogs on four wheels cease to squeak. It commands, and all the little woolly dogs stand fast. The Queen is inhospitable, because, having invited her daughter to Osborne, her son-in-law, before going there, wants to have a day or two with his wife amongst the London sights, and to honour a faithful servant of his dynasty by paying him a visit. The Queen is inhospitable, because a sensible Emperor, who desires to rove at will about town at all hours, early and late, prefers an hotel to a palace. Do we like to put up with friends when we go to London? Don't we rather refuse all tenders of hospitality, and say we shall be more independent at Fenton's or the Langham? Is it improbable that royal folks are very like other folks in these particulars; and is it reasonable to blame the Queen for the prevalence of human nature? Then Her Majesty does not come amongst her people, just as if the Londoners were the people of England. There will be, say the critics, an estrangement of the people from the throne as an institution, if Her Majesty does not conform more to the *Times*' programme. We see little of the Queen down in Lancashire, nor is it likely that our loyalty could be kept green by the fact of the Queen driving about Hyde Park every afternoon at four o'clock. Such nonsense as a relaxation of loyalty throughout the realm for such a reason was never surely set before the public before. Are we all becoming Jeames's together? Have we forgotten that a lady of fifty years and upwards ought to be believed when she pleads ill-health as an excuse?

LANCASHIRE *v.* KENT.

In the return match played between these counties at Old Trafford, last week, the home county scored a particularly easy win. On paper the Kent eleven appeared very formidable. With such amateurs as Messrs. C. J. Thornton, Kelson, Lipscomb, the Hon. G. Harris, and Lord Clifton—the two last distinguished public school cricketers—and such professional players as Willsher, Bennett, Henty, and Martin, it seemed highly probable that Lancashire would have a difficult task to hold its own. But Kent turned out much less dangerous in reality than in anticipation. The total score only reached the miserable number 71. There was little to remark on in such an extremely moderate innings. Mr. Thornton just gave the fielders a hint of his quality as the fiercest hitter in the kingdom, but came to grief before he had been long enough at work to make a serious impression on the score. Hickton and Mr. Appleby bowled admirably throughout, and divided the wickets pretty evenly, and we appear at last to have found a useful and trustworthy wicket keeper in Mr. Jackson. The amateur element was very strong in the constitution of the Lancashire eleven. Messrs. Hornby and Leese batted in a characteristically magnificent way, making, between them, close upon 120 runs. The first innings left Kent 130 behind, and in their second attempt the Southern players only slightly improved on their first innings. The two very moderate scores were strong evidence of the excellence of our bowling and fielding. To win such a match, with an innings and some runs to spare, is a sufficiently creditable performance. It is curious that a cricketing season which is closing with so much honour should have opened so wretchedly.

"WHICH IS WHICH?"

Miss Litton's programme at the Prince's Theatre, which has hardly a fair chance this sort of weather, has been reinforced by the production of the newest comedietta from the pen of Mr. Theyre Smith, author of *Uncle's Will*. The little piece is smartly written, but its author does not yet know how to manage half a dozen characters. That entire reliance upon witticism which serves so well in two-part pieces is a broken reed to depend upon in pieces of a more ambitious order. Our promising young dramatists are all relying too much upon dialogue, and merely witty dialogue. A drama requires action, business, character. These Mr. Smith's piece lacks. Miss Litton herself acts in it the part originally played by Miss Louisa Moore. As the principal necessity of the impersonation is good looks, Miss Litton would have amply satisfied its requirements had she worn a less fashionable and more becoming bonnet. But in the case of the Court Theatre good looks are not the only sacrifice to fashion. Good taste is sacrificed as well. Presented to each party entering the circle is a long gilt list of all the titled people who have visited the Royal Court Theatre. Anything more low than this it is impossible to imagine. It is quite unworthy of an establishment professing to be conducted on the most ladylike principles.

THE ASPHALTE AGITATION.

The moving spirits in this question must really act a little more prudently. The matter is being too much written about from the St. Ann's Square point of view, and from the stand-point of the Val de Travers Asphalte Company or their assignees. It is quite amusing with what a wonderful unanimity all the writers and speakers on this matter agree that a famous place for the experiment would be—St. Ann's Square. But notwithstanding all this wonderful unanimity upon the platform and the newspaper stage, it is abundantly evident that the Val de Travers Company, or its representatives, must considerably lower their terms before their propositions can be listened to; and even then there will still remain the very grave objections to which asphalte, as a pavement, is open. For inclines it cannot be adopted, and its suitability for heavy traffic is yet unproved and extremely doubtful.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE AND THE PRESS.

A correspondent, referring to our remarks of last week on Wesleyans and the Class Meeting, and the kind of reports of the proceedings in Mr. Hughes's case which had up to that time appeared in the newspapers, invites our attention to the full report in a Wesleyan journal, the *Methodist Recorder*, in which Mr. Hughes's speech is given at considerable length. Our correspondent adds:—"I take this liberty, in order to remove your impression that there has been a desire to suppress Mr. Hughes's defence, as I believe the general feeling of the Conference was the reverse. I understand the same report appears in the other Wesleyan newspaper, the *Watchman*. Its late appearance, I imagine, is owing to the ministerial reporters reserving for their own

newspapers their full reports, sending to the Manchester daily papers merely a summary of their proceedings." Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that these summaries in the Manchester and other daily papers (we consulted, in all, seven journals) should have given so much space to Mr. Hughes's commentators and critics and so little to his own vindication. In any case, the circumstance prevented outsiders—whether Wesleyans or others—from arriving at an accurate conclusion on the subject, seeing that only one side was presented with any degree of fulness. We should be sorry to impute to the ministerial reporters any conscious or intentional desire either to mislead the readers of their narratives or to suppress Mr. Hughes's defence. But the effect was to prevent anyone who wished to be just from arriving at a fair judgment on the questions at issue. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether the Conference or Wesleyanism gains by the present system of excluding professional reporters. The meetings of Convocation—the governing body of the Church of England—of the Congregational and Baptist Unions, and of the Church Assemblies of Scotland are not thus jealously guarded from the representatives of the press. Why is the Wesleyan Conference among ecclesiastical assemblies the only conclave from which they are excluded?

THE LAY OF THE WATER LILIES.

By the Mayor's Henchman.

I TRAVELL'D in attendance on His Worshipful the Mayor,
And Aldermen and Councillors full forty odd was there,
Likewise our noble Town Clerk gave his presence to the fate,
And all of them was early, and not one of 'em was late.
We tuk the train at London Road, leastways the train tuk we,
And a party on the platform says, "Why, James, is this a spree?"
"Speak more respectful, Sir," says I, "of these extinguish'd men,
Or I will bung your eyes," I says, "if you says that agen."
Which then he held his kaytive tongue, and was unkommun sneep'd,
So let his brazen imperence in oblivions be steep'd.

This was the water party for to see the Woodhead lakes;
There were lots of snowy waistcoats and a sight of wide-awakes;
And several City Councillors was dress'd unusual fine,
As if they wish'd to scatter pearls before the Cheshire swine.
Such pins and rings and glittering studs I never see'd afore,
Since I have stud, this many a year, just at the Council door.
With pride I gaz'd upon the group, it was a mottled throng:
Such champions of the proper thing—such haters of the wrong!
Oh, Britting is my native land! the refuge of the free,
And Manchester's my birth-place and munissipalitee.

The "special" came alongside with a beautiful salloon,
And we whisk'd along right merrily at ten in the forenoon;
And much they jok'd, our Councillors, and told their pleasant tales,
Until we sighted Crowden and the water-cover'd vales.
Then the sweet air of the moorlands embrac'd us in its arms,
Like a laughing lass of twenty with a power of pretty charms;
And we felt our pulses bound along with locomotive steam,
And friskiness took firmly hold of that there Town Hall team.

That bluff and hearty alderman, entitled Mr. Bake,
Told stories out of Lancashire which caused our sides to ache:
"Now, chaps, there's nowt to eat," he says, which rous'd a burst of larter;
"But, if yo want to sup a drop, wese getten lots of water."
But our Town Clerk, the barrownite, was down upon him sharp,
Though mild he draw'd his sentence like an Heeolian harp;
"Now Bake," says he, "excuse me, because I really think,
Though you take us to the water yet you will not make us drink."
At which the awe-struck concors cried, "Sir Joe is always clever,
And he shall birch our pantaloons for ever and for ever."

At a quarter to eleven we were roaming at our ease,
In about an hour thereafter we were eating bread and cheese;
The sight of so much water caus'd a hidrofobbic sneer,
So we wetted all our whistles with some Allsopp's bottled beer.
"I'm down on hidrofobby," says the driver of the 'Bus;
"Just hand a gallond up of that there lush to us;
I'll imitate a mad dog with my mug all over foam."
Says I, "My man, what is your name when you are quite at home?
The Carriage Company, no doubt, will make a charge for manners—
Modest marine assurance is hinscribed on their banners—
If three of gin and gingerbeer won't quench your horrid thirst,
Then hie thee to Rhodes Reservoir and drink until thou burst."
Pardon this slight digression, but I can't abear a sot,
And I wish that anti-temperance may always go to pot.

Rhodes Wood, Vale House, and Bottoms were the next in our programme
(By Bottoms is not meant the part from which they furnish ham),
And then there rose a ringing cheer when Arnfield came in view,
For it was down in black and white: "*At Arnfield dine at 2!*"
The mighty Jennison had been and put up a marquee—
Where will you find a Boniface so bountiful as he?
Not with veal pie he nourished us, nor Eccles cakes, I ween,
But a spread of sumptious dainties, all a-wearing of the green.

I touch'd his Worship on the arm to intimate a grace;
Sure never Bishop on the bench could better go the pace,
As he stood up, a layman, with his flowing locks and wavy,
And softly said, and solemnly, John Grave doth bless the gravy.
Then all went at it tooth and nail, particularly tooth,
Like eagles all the Aldermen did there renew their youth;
Also each City Councillor press'd hardly on his brother,
If one said, "Do not choke yourself," they answered, "You're another."
The turtle vanish'd from the scene like grass that's mowed fast,
But even jolly feeds like this must terminate at last,
For every Common Councillor is not inclined to brast.

Then let our grateful horisons, upspringing from the vales,
Silute her Majesty the Queen, likewise the Prince of Wales,
Grave, Esquire, Mayor, the Aldermen, the Councillors also,
And when they're haqueous again may I be there to go!

ACADEMY DAY AT STONEYHURST COLLEGE.

AT an early hour, an hour indeed when many a "fat and greasy citizen" was still a-bed, we entered the fine old quadrangle of Stoneyhurst. The day was as bright and shining as the lads' faces, for of our brief summer the first of August which, as all the world knows, or ought to know, is Academy day at Stoneyhurst, formed a very fair moiety. The sun was plainly to be seen from time to time, and kept popping from behind a cloud as if he were firing a royal salute in honour of the anniversary of this the Catholic commemoration day, as we drove through the pretty lanes, garlanded with honeysuckle and the flowering vetch, from Whalley to the college.

Already some two or three hundred guests had assembled in the courtyard, of whom more than half were of sacerdotal hue. So many were there, indeed, of the priestly persuasion, that one felt inclined to hum, "Fathers, Fathers everywhere, but not a son their own." From the windows came the laughter of young voices, and the creaking of tightening straps, for were they not "home for the holidays" ere break of day to-morrow? In and out amongst the dark weft and woof of priests, the boys kept threading their way like a series of eccentric shuttles, while good temper and the rector, Father Purbrick, seemed to surround one on every side. We soon found ourselves following the stream into a large room, partially divided into two, as an Irishman might say, by a space for folding doors. The upper end was occupied by tiers of seats, filled with guests and boys; in the middle distance sat the rector with some of his more distinguished visitors; beyond them were ranged in two half circles a small band of youthful orators, backed up in their turn by the college orchestra and more boys. On the right of the rector sat Dr. Turner, Bishop of Salford; on his left, Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth. Dr. Turner, not to speak too plainly, is anything but a handsome man, and of late years seems to have

acquired a curious habit of developing his forehead at the rate of about six inches per annum, or what amounts to the same thing, of wearing wigs smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until the wonder is, not that the thing is rich and rare, but how on earth it e'er sticks there. Dr. Russell has rather a fine, but hungry-looking, face, not unlike Dr. Henry Newman, whom he is said to resemble also in the fact that he is a thoroughly ripe scholar.

The performance began by one of the dauntless twelve advancing to the middle of the room and declaiming a smartly-written prologue composed for the occasion. It opened by referring to the unfortunate family affairs of their Holy Father the Pope, the late war, and the Commune; but soon escaping to lighter topics, it touched upon the Tichborne case in a way which satisfied us that the claimant has few believers at Stoneyhurst.

> Stoneyhurst indeed we know, and cherish each remembered spot,
> But the Stoneyhurst which he remembered was a most unlucky shot,

brought down the house, as did also the declaration that they would never own him, so to speak,

> While he spells so very badly,
> While he thinks that Virgil's Greek.

When this was finished one young orator after another came forward, some reciting Latin or Greek odes, others translating passages given them there and then by some master seated amongst ourselves. A short dramatic sketch was afterwards capitally given by three alumni, and then an overture by the band. One of the most admirable performances in the programme was the delivery of a Latin oration upon the Parisian Commune by Mr. Francis Scully. Listening to the impassioned tones of the beautifully Italianized Latin as they came pouring from the lips of the young Roscius, it was no longer a dead tongue one heard, but a living, glowing language. One was carried far away back again "to the grandeur that was Greece, to the glory that was Rome." We were no longer listening to Master Scully invoking vengeance upon the heads of the murderers of the hostages, but to young Antony declaiming on the murder of his Cæsar, and calling on the gods for sharp revenge. It was plain and pleasant, too, to note how every word was followed, and every quantity measured to the utmost carat (here it should perhaps be written *caret*). His actions were so well suited to the words as to render this a possible feat even for a comparative ignoramus. Another performance that pleased us much was the translation of a passage from Cicero's Philippics by Master George Noble, son of the physician. He was so modest, and yet so self-possessed, so young looking, and yet clearly such a thorough classic, that his exhibition was one of the most charming things of the day.

After each boy had said his say, the names of the successful students were announced by Father Kingdom, the Prefect of Studies, and the prizes were then distributed, the lads receiving them from their fathers if present; if not, the Rector or one of the sacerdotal swells who accompanied him presented them. The two big things of the day, the Philosophy Prize and the Mathematical Prize, were both carried off by Spaniards, each award being honoured by a salvo of artillery: at least we say salvo for the sake of the sound, what we mean is that a gun was fired when the name was announced. The Philosophy Prize was won by Mr. Calderon, who, we were informed, is the lineal descendant of the great poet, and whose refined and typically Spanish face did not belie the bluest of the blue blood of Castile. The Mathematical Prize was carried off (apparently as a great joke) by Emmanuel de Romana, who hails from the home of the Incas.

When all the prizes were distributed, and everyone, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, which is allegorical for everyone from the bewhiskered philosopher to the doctor's little urchin, who as yet assuredly can but "lisp in numbers," had obtained one, we strolled into the open air for an hour. And now it was a pleasant sight to see the old boys who had come over for the day, to "the schoolboy spot one ne'er forgets, though there one is forgot," noting the changes which had taken place since their day. It was gratifying, too, to find the grand old yew tree hedges, which must have been planted somewhere about the time of the first crusade, as green as the youngest freshman there, and as strong and steady as a highland brigade, in spite of their having been cut down because Sir Roger Tichborne would persist in smoking behind them. In the dark walk we encountered Mr. Weld, the grandson of the man who originally made over the property to the Jesuits. The brother of the gentleman we met is one of the present Fathers, and he himself a frequent visitor. He looked as thorough-bred as a racehorse, and as conservative as a Chinaman. We felt convinced indeed that if his slight limp meant gout, he would die sooner than submit to "a radical cure." Our companion told us how in this very walk the last young heir of the Sherbornes had come to grief by eating the yew berries, that the property then passed to the Duchess of Norfolk, who died without children, and that then it reverted to her kinsman, Mr. Weld. This happened about the year 1789, at which time the Jesuits abroad were in a parlous state on account of the French Revolution, and had soon after to leave their head-quarters at Liege, *sans céremonie*. It was then that Mr. Weld sent them word that he had a house in Lancashire, which he had never seen, but which he was sure was the very thing for them, and which was very much at their service. On this hint they came, they saw, they liked it, they remained, and soon after obtained the property, or at least a good slice of it, for a nominal sum.

The event of the day—the dinner—was served up in the great refectory, and was a sight to see and remember. Seventy thousand a year, in the shape of a little slip of a lad, sat opposite to us, enjoying his soup; lower down the table, the oldest bloods of Spain and Italy in the heirs of the Dukedoms of Cordova, Altona, and Borghese, were pitching into the Ribble salmon like three ordinary, or extraordinary, hungry boys; at the upper end of the room, "at what they say is called a dais," two sons of the Duc de Gramont had clean forgotten all the troubles of their imperialist father in converting the flesh of venison into ducal fibre. There was the heir of Lord Petre looking like a swell, but, like the raven, "merely that and nothing more." Near him was the Master of Herries, and opposite the picture of his own father sat jovial old Father Lomax, while his big otter-hunting brother was cheek-by-jowl with Dr. Browne, the Bishop of Newport. There was to us a subtle charm about the atmosphere of the place. The rosy butler looked as if it were his custom always of an afternoon to bear in the Boar's Head, bedecked with sage and rosemary. There was an ancient flavour about everything except the fish, and resigning ourselves to the spirit of the occasion, we fancied ourselves one of the company of Free Foresters, regaled by the Friars of Orders Grey, according to old custom, with good ale and venison pastry.

We left soon after dinner, travelling through the pleasant lanes about Mitton to the railway station, and bearing away nothing but pleasant memories of our day at Stoneyhurst.

WILL IT DO?—A rival to the *Saturday Review* is spoken of. Principal contributors: Mr. E. A. Freeman, Mr. Tom Taylor, Dr. Leary, and Prince Polignac.

VANITY FAIR.—Mr. Pellegrini, the caricaturist, has retired from this journal, and has been succeeded by a French artist, M. Tissot.

THE NEW "WORKS OF ART" AT PEEL PARK.

IT was announced at the last meeting of the Salford Council that three paintings and a water-colour drawing had been purchased for the Peel Park Gallery for the sum of £200, the subjects and painters being *Crossing the River*, by S. R. Percy; *Emigrant Ship on Fire*, by A. Montague; *Waterfall in Norway*, by Kallenburg; and the water-colour drawing *Fishing Boat Entering the Harbour*, by J. Salmon. We think this purchase cannot be described otherwise than as a mistake. Of the many pictures now on the walls of the Museum hardly a score rise above mediocrity, and the rest fall much below it. Knowing this, for it has been spoken on competent authority over and over again, the sub-committee of the Salford Council should have been a little more careful in the expenditure of their last £200 of public money.

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SHAKESPERE AS A NATURALIST.

4.—ASPECTS OF NATURE.

SUNRISE and Sunset, Noon and Night, have been favourite themes of song from the days of Homer to the present time. On each of these subjects we shall offer a few extracts from Shakespere.

In the sixteenth century poets rose somewhat earlier than in the nineteenth, and may therefore be supposed to have observed more largely the various phenomena that attend the first and sweetest hours of the day. The works of Shakspere are especially rich in descriptions of Morning—rich not only in number but in poetry and truth. Indeed they are such faithful transcripts of Nature that each might furnish matter for a picture which—painted by a master hand—would be worthy to hang in the halls of Aurora herself. This etching of dawn might do for the first of the series:—

> The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
> Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
> And flaked darkness like a drunkard reels
> From forth day's path, and Titan's fairy wheels.
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene 3.

How happily the maiden sweetness of the morning is contrasted with the gloom of night! Who does not remember the tiny cloudlets tinted with rosy light, or recall the dappled darkness reeling away before the bright eye of the coming sun? Again—

> What envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!
> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., Scene 5.

The very spirit of youth and morning has always seemed to us to be embodied in the concluding line.

What witchery breathes in every word of Tamora's quatrain. We turn restlessly in our chair, and sigh for the song, the rustling leaves, the dancing shadows, the sweet odours of the summer woods, and feel all the lazy languor of noon and leisure.

> The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
> The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
> The green leaves quiver in the cooling wind
> And make a chequered shadow on the ground.
>
> *Titus Andronicus*, Act II., Scene 3.

We need scarcely observe that this is "a copy." In what quiet nook our Naturalist found the original we cannot tell—nor need we pause to inquire. Nor is the following sunset scene less true to nature:—

> The weary sun hath made a *golden* set,
> And, by the *bright track* of his fiery car,
> Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
>
> *Richard III.*, Act V., Scene 3.

The gallant Richmond has to win his crown at Bosworth Field on the morrow, and reads in the aspects of evening the character of the coming morning. Every reader knows how many signs of "a goodly day" are here compressed in the two opening lines. Nor must night be unrepresented in our Shakespere gallery.

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
>
> *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., Scene 1.

The description is not only worthy of a Naturalist, but of a philosopher and a believer. Nor are the following philosophic observations on the aspect of the heavens at night unworthy of our bard:—

> The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority, and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office and custom, in all line of order.
>
> *Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Scene 3.

It would not be a difficult task to show that almost every word in these lines possesses special force and distinctive significance, but we prefer that the passage should speak for itself. We have given our Poet's "sunset scene," with all its promise of a glorious day. It is a mere matter of justice to exhibit the companion picture, which, in our catalogue, shall stand as "signs of a stormy morning." *Henry IV., Part 1, Act 5, Scene 1.*

> KING HENRY.—How bloodily the sun begins to peer
> Above yon bosky hill; the day *looks pale*
> At his distemperature.
> PRINCE HENRY.—The *southern* wind
> Doth play the trumpet to his purpose,
> And, by his *hollow* whistling in the leaves,
> Foretells a tempest and a *blustering* day.

The sickly light that makes the "day look pale" is, indeed, a nice piece of observation, and is, in our experience, proof positive of foul weather; nor is "the hollow whistling in the leaves" less happy. The breeze that heralds wind and rain chaunts a different song through the branches than is sung by the dryer air from the north and east. The former is deeper, more mournful, and hollow; the latter less broad, clear, and inspiriting.

acquired a curious habit of developing his forehead at the rate of about six inches per annum, or what amounts to the same thing, of wearing wigs smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until the wonder is, not that the thing is rich and rare, but how on earth it e'er sticks there. Dr. Russell has rather a fine, but hungry-looking, face, not unlike Dr. Henry Newman, whom he is said to resemble also in the fact that he is a thoroughly ripe scholar.

The performance began by one of the dauntless twelve advancing to the middle of the room and declaiming a smartly-written prologue composed for the occasion. It opened by referring to the unfortunate family affairs of their Holy Father the Pope, the late war, and the Commune; but soon escaping to lighter topics, it touched upon the Tichborne case in a way which satisfied us that the claimant has few believers at Stoneyhurst.

> Stoneyhurst indeed we know, and cherish each remembered spot,
> But the Stoneyhurst which he remembered was a most unlucky shot,

brought down the house, as did also the declaration that they would never own him, so to speak,

> While he spells so very badly,
> While he thinks that Virgil's Greek.

When this was finished one young orator after another came forward, some reciting Latin or Greek odes, others translating passages given them there and then by some master seated amongst ourselves. A short dramatic sketch was afterwards capitally given by three alumni, and then an overture by the band. One of the most admirable performances in the programme was the delivery of a Latin oration upon the Parisian Commune by Mr. Francis Scully. Listening to the impassioned tones of the beautifully Italianized Latin as they came pouring from the lips of the young Roscius, it was no longer a dead tongue one heard, but a living, glowing language. One was carried far away back again "to the grandeur that was Greece, to the glory that was Rome." We were no longer listening to Master Scully invoking vengeance upon the heads of the murderers of the hostages, but to young Antony declaiming on the murder of his Cæsar, and calling on the gods for sharp revenge. It was plain and pleasant, too, to note how every word was followed, and every quantity measured to the utmost carat (here it should perhaps be written *caret*). His actions were so well suited to the words as to render this a possible feat even for a comparative ignoramus. Another performance that pleased us much was the translation of a passage from Cicero's Philippics by Master George Noble, son of the physician. He was so modest, and yet so self-possessed, so young looking, and yet clearly such a thorough classic, that his exhibition was one of the most charming things of the day.

After each boy had said his say, the names of the successful students were announced by Father Kingdom, the Prefect of Studies, and the prizes were then distributed, the lads receiving them from their fathers if present; if not, the Rector or one of the sacerdotal swells who accompanied him presented them. The two big things of the day, the Philosophy Prize and the Mathematical Prize, were both carried off by Spaniards, each award being honoured by a salvo of artillery: at least we say salvo for the sake of the sound, what we mean is that a gun was fired when the name was announced. The Philosophy Prize was won by Mr. Calderon, who, we were informed, is the lineal descendant of the great poet, and whose refined and typically Spanish face did not belie the bluest of the blue blood of Castile. The Mathematical Prize was carried off (apparently as a great joke) by Emmanuel de Romana, who hails from the home of the Incas.

When all the prizes were distributed, and everyone, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, which is allegorical for everyone from the bewhiskered philosopher to the doctor's little urchin, who as yet assuredly can but "lisp in numbers," had obtained one, we strolled into the open air for an hour. And now it was a pleasant sight to see the old boys who had come over for the day, to "the schoolboy spot one ne'er forgets, though there one is forgot," noting the changes which had taken place since their day. It was gratifying, too, to find the grand old yew tree hedges, which must have been planted somewhere about the time of the first crusade, as green as the youngest freshman there, and as strong and steady as a highland brigade, in spite of their having been cut down because Sir Roger Tichborne would persist in smoking behind them. In the dark walk we encountered Mr. Weld, the grandson of the man who originally made over the property to the Jesuits. The brother of the gentleman we met is one of the present Fathers, and he himself a frequent visitor. He looked as thorough-bred as a racehorse, and as conservative as a Chinaman. We felt convinced indeed that if his slight limp meant gout, he would die sooner than submit to "a radical cure." Our companion told us how in this very walk the last young heir of the Sherbornes had come to grief by eating the yew berries, that the property then passed to the Duchess of Norfolk, who died without children, and that then it reverted to her kinsman, Mr. Weld. This happened about the year 1789, at which time the Jesuits abroad were in a parlous state on account of the French Revolution, and had soon after to leave their head-quarters at Liege, *sans céremonie*. It was then that Mr. Weld sent them word that he had a house in Lancashire, which he had never seen, but which he was sure was the very thing for them, and which was very much at their service. On this hint they came, they saw, they liked it, they remained, and soon after obtained the property, or at least a good slice of it, for a nominal sum.

The event of the day—the dinner—was served up in the great refectory, and was a sight to see and remember. Seventy thousand a year, in the shape of a little slip of a lad, sat opposite to us, enjoying his soup; lower down the table, the oldest bloods of Spain and Italy in the heirs of the Dukedoms of Cordova, Altona, and Borghese, were pitching into the Ribble salmon like three ordinary, or extraordinary, hungry boys; at the upper end of the room, "at what they say is called a dais," two sons of the Duc de Gramont had clean forgotten all the troubles of their imperialist father in converting the flesh of venison into ducal fibre. There was the heir of Lord Petre looking like a swell, but, like the raven, "merely that and nothing more." Near him was the Master of Herries, and opposite the picture of his own father sat jovial old Father Lomax, while his big otter-hunting brother was cheek-by-jowl with Dr. Browne, the Bishop of Newport. There was to us a subtle charm about the atmosphere of the place. The rosy butler looked as if it were his custom always of an afternoon to bear in the Boar's Head, bedecked with sage and rosemary. There was an ancient flavour about everything except the fish, and resigning ourselves to the spirit of the occasion, we fancied ourselves one of the company of Free Foresters, regaled by the Friars of Orders Grey, according to old custom, with good ale and venison pastry.

We left soon after dinner, travelling through the pleasant lanes about Mitton to the railway station, and bearing away nothing but pleasant memories of our day at Stoneyhurst.

WILL IT DO?—A rival to the *Saturday Review* is spoken of. Principal contributors: Mr. E. A. Freeman, Mr. Tom Taylor, Dr. Leary, and Prince Polignac.

VANITY FAIR.—Mr. Pellegrini, the caricaturist, has retired from this journal, and has been succeeded by a French artist, M. Tissot.

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It would not be a difficult task to show that almost every word in these lines possesses special force and distinctive significance, but we prefer that the passage should speak for itself. We have given our Poet's "sunset scene," with all its promise of a glorious day. It is a mere matter of justice to exhibit the companion picture, which, in our catalogue, shall stand as "signs of a stormy morning." *Henry IV., Part I, Act 5, Scene 1.*

> King Henry.—How bloodily the sun begins to peer
> Above yon bosky hill; the day *looks pale*
> At his distemperature.
> Prince Henry.—The *southern* wind
> Doth play the trumpet to his purpose,
> And, by his *hollow* whistling in the leaves,
> Foretells a tempest and a *blustering* day.

The sickly light that makes the "day look pale" is, indeed, a nice piece of observation, and is, in our experience, proof positive of foul weather; nor is "the hollow whistling in the leaves" less happy. The breeze that heralds wind and rain chaunts a different song through the branches than is sung by the dryer air from the north and east. The former is deeper, more mournful, and hollow; the latter less broad, clear, and inspiriting.

Here is the Poet-Naturalist's description of a wet summer :—

> Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain
> As in revenge, have sucked up from the sun
> Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,
> Have every pelting river made so proud
> That they have overborne their continents :
> The ox hath, therefore, stretched his yoke in vain,
> The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard :
> The stalls stand empty in the drowned fields,
> The crows are fatted with the murrain flock,
> And the quaint mazes on the wanton green
> For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Scene 2.

A more painfully matter-of-fact history it would be hard to find. The swollen streams kept up by the constant rains, the mildewed corn, the lowland folds empty, the drowned fields, the crows lazy from their carrion banquet, are all too true to nature ; and who has not seen the devious paths across the common—for there are still such things in England—grow green and faint under prolonged bad weather? The rains of the present summer have obliterated "the wanton mazes" on many a village green.

Passing now from the sweeter aspects of Nature to the consideration of a different class of phenomena, let us place on record our Poet's opinion of the causes that produce Earthquakes. The passage to which we allude will be found in *Henry IV., Part 1st*, Act III., Scene 1.

> Diseased Nature oft times breaks forth
> In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
> Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
> By the imprisoning of unruly wind
> Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,
> Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
> Steeples and moss-grown towers.

We fancy our "most advanced" Natural Philosophy knows little more of the proximate causes of these terrible visitations. Treatises may set forth theories respecting the action of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and caloric, but the fact as stated by our Naturalist remains.

Not only poetry but history, and often our own experience, show that the more awful operations of the natural world not unfrequently act as accusing spirits to rouse the sleeping conscience. Such was the storm to the usurping Alonzo in Prospero's isle.

> O 'tis monstrous—monstrous—
> Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
> The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
> That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
> The name of Prosper.
>
> *Tempest*, Act III., Scene 3.

Alonzo had practised against his brother's crown—had aimed, as he deemed successfully, against his life and the life of his child. He had reigned long ; the dark deeds by which he won place and power might well be half forgotten, and nothing short of some grand moral or physical convulsion would be strong enough to rouse him from the false security in which he rested. Shakespere, therefore, with great propriety selected the thunder, the waves in their fury, and the winds in their rage, to shout the name of Prospero in the usurper's ears, and in employing these agents he has done so with equal fidelity to Nature. Whilst on this subject it will not be out of place to show how skilfully he uses another class of agents for the purpose of acting on a mind of a different stamp. Timon of Athens had in one sense been a prodigal, but his had been a lavish good nature. He gave to all alike ; to the rich as well as to the poor—to the mean, the thankless, the vicious—and was a bankrupt in hope, faith, and fortune. Instead of blaming himself he blamed mankind, became a misanthrope, and sought solitude in the woods. In this forlorn and miserable condition he is met by Apemantus, who seems to intimate that, had he poured the flood of his bounty on honest poverty, he would not have been flattered to his destruction. We, however, have less concern with the teaching of the passage than with the imagery. The picture is "Winter in the Woods."

> What think'st
> That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
> Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
> That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels
> And skip when pointed out? Will the cold brook,
> Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste?
> Bid them flatter thee.

The description is as desolate as Timon's state. No spoiled child of fortune ever received a lesson more cold and cutting. Here is a cloudscape :—

> Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
> A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion ;
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A peaked mountain, or blue promontory,
> With trees upon it, that nod into the world
> And mock our eyes with air.
>
> *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV., Scene 12.

Having followed our Poet-Naturalist through the realms of earth and the regions of air, through the changing seasons, through the most marked phases of day and night, and having listened to some of the homilies Nature ever silently preaches, we will accompany him to the Ocean, and for a brief space breathe the breath of the storm his art has raised.

> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin
> I flamed amazement ; sometimes I did divide
> And burn in many places. On the topmast,
> The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
> O' the dreadful thunderclaps more momentary
> And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
> Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
> Seem'd to besiege and make his bold waves tremble.

This storm smacks so strongly of those endured by the buccaneers, whilst rounding Cape Horn in their crazy shallops, that we cannot avoid thinking our bard indebted to some of their narratives. A score of passages, illustrating similar phenomena, occur to our memory, but we have no space for them, and shall merely remark that our Poet displays the same power and truth on the sea as the shore.

Once more and we have done. Our drop scene is too life-like, too exquisite, to need comment. The spirit of the Poet-Naturalist is stamped on every word, and as we read, we revisit in fancy many a willowy stream dear to our hearts, and stored away with our fairest and best affections.

> The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage :
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing course, to the wide Ocean.

Mr. Ruskin somewhere remarks that it was essential to the perfection of the peculiarly equable and universal mind of Shakespere that, so far as Nature had influence over his early training, the nature should be quiet. And so, in childhood and youth, he was left with his kingcups and clover, pansies, the passing clouds, the Avon's tranquil flow, and the undulating hills and woods of Warwickshire. It may be even so ; but, apart from philosophy, the profoundest and most loving student of Shakespere will find charms he never suspected before if he reads the great dramatist's descriptions of nature amid the scenes of his earliest and latest home. One bright summer day we stood by the immortal river, on the very spot perhaps where the lines above quoted were penned. Nothing was wanting ; the stream flowed murmuringly on ; the enamelled stones, the sedges, the winding nooks, the sweet music, all were there ; and, recalling many another picture painted by his pen, we owned, with a force we had never felt before, the magic of him who is *par excellence* the poet of Nature.

THE "GUARDIAN" AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—The *Manchester Guardian* of Friday last says Mr. Duncan was disowned by the Society of Friends for taking the chair at one of Mr. Voysey's lectures. This is surely an error. I have since read Mr. Forster's pamphlet, from which the writer professed to obtain his information, and I gather from it that the matter had been before the Society for a considerable period, and that definite charges had been brought before the Manchester meeting some time before Mr. Voysey made his appearance in this city. Is the *Guardian* right or wrong?—A. L.

Manchester, August 7th, 1871.

[The *Guardian*, we believe, has made an entirely erroneous assertion. The chairmanship of the Voysey lecture, as far as we can learn, had virtually little or nothing to do with the Society's decision, though it may have quickened its action. The agitation of doctrinal questions in the Society appears to have begun at least two years ago, and the decision in the case referred to would doubtless have been the same had no such person as Mr. Voysey existed.—ED.]

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Old Firm, trading under the name of "BRADSHAW AND BLACKLOCK," for Twenty Years at least, and before that time as G. BRADSHAW for a period of Thirty Years, will henceforth be conducted under the name of "HENRY BLACKLOCK AND COMPANY." The change makes no difference so far as the Public is concerned. HENRY BLACKLOCK has been the Sole Partner since his beloved Friend and Partner, GEORGE BRADSHAW, died in Norway, under most melancholy circumstances, in 1853. HENRY BLACKLOCK will still retain the name of "BRADSHAW" on all his Publications as the Trade Mark of his Firm, and any infringement thereof will be treated with the utmost severity, whether as to Copyright or to Trade Mark.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUNDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—On SUNDAY, 13th August, a Cheap Train to GRIMSBY and CLEETHORPES (High Water at Grimsby at 3-45 p.m.) will run as under:—

Stations.	Time.	Fares to Grimsby or Cleethorpes and back.	
	a.m.	1st Class	Cov. Car.
Manchester .....dep.	6 0		
Ardwick ..... ,,	6 4		
Stalybridge ..... ,,	6 0		
Ashton ..... ,,	6 5		
Dukinfield ..... ,,	6 8		
Oldham (Clegg-street) ,,	6 0		
Park Bridge..... ,,	6 5	6s.	3s. 6d.
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	6 16		
Newton ..... ,,	6 24		
Hackport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	6 10		
Woodley ..... ,,	6 18		
Godley ..... ,,	6 30		
Dunford..... ,,	7 7		
Grimsby ..... arr.	10 15		
Cleethorpes ..... ,,	10 30		

Returning from Cleethorpes at 6-15 p.m., and from Grimsby Passenger Station at 6-30 p.m. the same day.

Passengers can return by the 2-30 p.m. Train from Cleethorpes, and 2-45 p.m. Train from Grimsby, on Monday, 14th August, or Tuesday, 15th August, on payment of 1s. each additional 1st Class, and 1s. Covered Carriages.

London Road Station, Manchester, Aug., 1871.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton.		To Matlock.		To Malvern.	
	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 0
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } ..... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

Derby, June, 1871.

JAMES ALPORT, General Manager.

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NOTICE.

The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the Line.—By order.

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